Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo.*

Dul. T was not a *haud credo*, twas a Pricket.

Holo. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathereſt vnconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, twas a Pricket.

Holo. Twice sodd simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monster ignorance, How deformed dooſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were: he hath not drunke inck,
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is only an animall, only
sensible in the duller partes: and such barren plantes are
set before vs, that we thankful should be: which we taste,
and feeling, are for those partes that doe fructifie in vs
more then he. (foole,
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indistreell, or a
So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a schole.
But *omne bene* say I, being of an olde Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men, Can you tel me by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weeks
old as yet?

Holo. *Dictiſima* goodman *Dull*, *dictiſima* goodman *Dull.*

Dul. What is *dictima?*

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.* (more.

Holo. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no
And rought not to fiue-weeks when he came to fiueſcore.
Th'alluſion holdes in the Exchange. (change.

Dul. Tis true in deede, the Colluſion holdes in the Ex-

Holo. God comfort thy capacitie, I say th'alluſion holdes
in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the poluſion holdes in the Exchange: for
the Moone is neuer but a month olde: and I say beside
that, twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kild.

Sir

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an
taph on the death of the Deare, and to
rault cald the Deare: the Princeſſe kild a

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes perge*
you to abrogate ſquirilitie.

Holo. I wil ſomthing affect the letter, ſo

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt an
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or els Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be ſore, then el to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores o ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more l.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, looke ho
with a talent.

Nath. This is a gyft that I haue ſimple
extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures,
Ideas, aprehentions, motions, reuolutions. T
the ventricle of Memorie, nouriſht in the
ter, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of
gyft is good in thoſe whom it is acute, a
for it.

Holo. Sir, I prayſe the L. for you, and ſo
oners, for their Sonnes are well tuterd b
Daughters profite very greatly vnder you
member of the common wealth.

Nath. Me hercle, yf their Sonnes be i
want no inſtruction: If their Daughters b
put it to them. But *Vir ſapis qui pauca loquit*
nine ſaluteth vs.

E